

Mrs. B. Arnold

# MODERN

## COMICS

NOVEMBER  
No. 91

10¢

**BLACKHAWK**

stamps out the  
scourge of the  
**SCORPION!**





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# BLACKHAWK



NO DEADLIER WEAPON EVER EXISTED—FOR IT STRUCK AT THE METAL HEART OF MODERN CIVILIZATION! TALL SKYSCRAPERS TOPPLED INTO RUIN! EVERY DEVICE OF WAR WAS HELPLESS AGAINST ITS WITHERING BLAST!

THE BLACKHAWKS, VALIANT SKY KNIGHTS, RIDE INTO AN INCREDIBLE ADVENTURE AND CHALLENGE UNSPEAKABLE DOOM, WHEN THEY PIT THEIR UNPARALLELED FIGHTING ABILITY AGAINST— THE MENACE OF THE SCORPION!



IT WAS A SIMPLE STEEL SAFE THAT CONTAINED NOTHING UNUSUAL! IT RESTED ON A LABORATORY TABLE AND ONE MOMENT IT WAS THERE—



—AND THE NEXT MOMENT IT DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY!



PROFESSOR JOHANSEN! THE INSTANT YOUR RAY TOUCHED THE SAFE, IT VANISHED!

I KNOW! THIS IS MY GREATEST TRIUMPH!



AND YET, IT FRIGHTENS ME! THINK OF THE TERRIBLE DESTRUCTIVE POTENTIALITY OF SUCH A MACHINE! NEITHER OF US MUST REVEAL MY DISCOVERY, GREGORY! NOT FOR A WHILE—



GREGORY! NOT FOR A WHILE—

JOHANSEN IS A FOOL! I KNOW SOMEONE WHO WILL PAY A FORTUNE FOR SUCH INFORMATION!

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, IN PROFESSOR JOHANSEN'S LABORATORY—



I'VE DECIDED NOT TO TELL THE WORLD ABOUT MY INVENTION! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! WE MUST KEEP OUR SECRET, AND DISMANTLE THIS INFERNAL MACHINE!

I REGRET THAT I CANNOT ACCEPT YOUR DECISION, PROFESSOR.

I KNOW YOU! YOU— YOU'RE THE MAN THEY CALL THE SCORPION! BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'VE COME FOR YOUR METAL DESTROYER! I'VE HEARD SUCH INTERESTING REPORTS ABOUT IT! YOU NEEDN'T FEAR THAT I WILL REVEAL YOUR SECRET, PROFESSOR! PROVE IT, SARGO!



IN FACT, I WON'T EVEN SHARE IT WITH YOU!

What—?



I'M GREGORY! I TOLD YOUR MAN ABOUT THE METAL DESTROYER! I HELPED JOHANSEN WORK ON IT! THEY TOLD ME YOU WOULD REWARD ME!

AND I SHALL TAKE THIS!



















THE SCORPION? I'VE HEARD STORIES ABOUT HIM! BUT I ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT HE WAS ONLY A LEGEND!

HE'S VERY MUCH ALIVE! NO WITNESS HAS LIKED TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIM! BUT WE'VE GLEANED A FEW FACTS IN OUR ENCOUNTERS WITH HIM!



HE'S A EURASIAN OF MIXED PARENTAGE! HIS ORGANIZATION IS FORMED OF FANATICS LIKE HIMSELF - FREEBOOTERS, KILLERS, RENEGADES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION! FROM THEM HE DEMANDS ABSOLUTE OBEDIENCE! THE PENALTY FOR FAILURE IS DEATH!



WE'VE CAPTURED A FEW OF HIS MEN AT VARIOUS TIMES! BUT EACH ONE OF THEM KILLED HIMSELF RATHER THAN FACE THE WRATH OF THE SCORPION!

WHAT DOES HE WANT? I CAN'T SEE WHY HE'D DESTROY A SHIP BEARING DELEGATES TO A PEACE CONFERENCE!



BECAUSE THE SCORPION DOESN'T WANT PEACE! AS LONG AS GOVERNMENTS KEEP QUARRELING AMONG THEMSELVES, THEY CAN'T TURN THEIR ATTENTION AGAINST HIS WORLD-WIDE CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY! AND IF THERE **SHOULD** BE ANOTHER WAR...

HIS JACKALS WOULD MOVE IN TO GRAB THE PLUNDER!



IT'S AN AMBITIOUS PROGRAM! BUT... **HEY!**

**GREAT SCOTT!**



THE STEEL GIRDERS! THEY'RE COLLAPSING!

WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST!



MON DIEU! BLACKHAWK EES EEN THERE!

I CAN HOPE HE JUMPED IN TIME!

**BAROON!**

















IN THE FOLLOWING WEEKS, THE SCORPION'S REIGN OF TERROR RISES TO A VIOLENT CLIMAX!



**Real SUSPICION RAISES ITS HEAD IN INTERNATIONAL ASSEMBLY...**

MY GOVERNMENT DOES NOT ACCEPT THE EXPLANATION THAT THESE ATTACKS UPON US ARE THE WORK OF AN INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL! NO SINGLE MAN IS CAPABLE OF SUCH AN ONSLAUGHT! WE BELIEVE HE IS FINANCED AND SUPPORTED BY CERTAIN UNFRIENDLY COUNTRIES!



IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO NAME NAMES! BUT MY GOVERNMENT HEREBY SERVES WARNING! UNLESS THESE ATTACKS CEASE INSTANTLY, THEY WILL LEAD TO



I SUPPOSE YOU'VE HEARD THE NEWS! OUR LATEST CONFERENCE JUST BROKE UP IN ANOTHER VIOLENT ARGUMENT! THIS CAN'T KEEP UP MUCH LONGER, GENTLEMEN!



THE CRISIS IS GRAVER THAN THE PUBLIC REALIZES! SOON IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP WAR FROM BREAKING OUT!

THAT'S JUST WHAT THE SCORPION IS HOPING FOR!



HE MUST BE DISAPPOINTED, BLACKHAWK! WE'VE UNCOVERED EVIDENCE THAT HIS NEXT ATTACK WILL BE DIRECTED AGAINST THE CAPITAL CITY OF SYOLSKA! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

IT COULD BE THE MATCH THAT BLOWS UP THE POWDER KEG! HMM! THESE DOCUMENTS SEEM CONVINCING ENOUGH!















THEY KNOW THE WORST BY NOW! THEIR METAL DESTROYER WON'T WORK — BECAUSE THIS PLANE IS BUILT ENTIRELY OF PLYWOOD!



THAT BLASTED RAY FIRED MY GUNS, THOUGH! BUT THERE'S ONE SURE WAY OF RUNNING THAT OVER-GROWN SAUSAGE THROUGH THE GRINDER!



GERONIMO!



WE CRASHED US! WE'RE TRAPPED! WE'LL ALL BURN TO DEATH!



IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS! ALL MY PLANS! I'VE GOT TO — EEEEE!



IT'S THE SCORPION! I'D KNOW THAT DEVIL ANYWHERE! WELL, HE'LL GET DOWN AHEAD OF ME, BUT I DON'T ENVY HIM THE TRIP!



AND WITH THEIR MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, THE BLACKHAWKS AGAIN WING TOWARD THEIR ISLAND —

WON THE SCORPION'S PAID THE SCORE, WHAT'S ONE REPTILE LESS OR MORE — AGAINST THE BLACKHAWKS?



# Torchy













THEY DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE ON MAGGIE! SHE WAS ACQUITTED! THE YOUNG MAN WENT TO SEA AND DIED THERE!

AND YOU MEAN THIS LADY WON'T LET ANYBODY INTO MR. PURDY'S OFFICE?



THAT'S RIGHT! THE OTHER LADIES HAVE DECIDED THAT IF MR. PURDY EVER MARRIES IT MUST BE ONE OF THEM, BUT MAGGIE HAS GONE THEN ONE BETTER! SHE'S DECIDED IT CAN ONLY BE MAGGIE JORDAN! SO YOU'D BETTER GO HOME!



I CAN'T LET THAT STORY STOP ME! I'D LOOK LIKE A FOOL IF I TOLD MY GIRL FRIEND I WAS SCARED OUT OF DELIVERING THE CHECK!



I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS IS OVER!



WHEW! I'M HERE...AND NONE OF THEM HAS SPOTTED ME!



LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY?

AWRK!













# Will BRAGG



WILL! IT SAYS HERE YOU'RE ONLY SUPPOSED TO TAKE TEN PAGES!

EXCUSE ME, GULLY! BUT I DON'T WANT TO MAKE IT TOO EASY FOR MYSELF! I'LL TAKE MY SHOT FROM ABOUT TWO THOUSAND PAGES!

HI, BOYS! BEEN DOING A LITTLE FENCING?

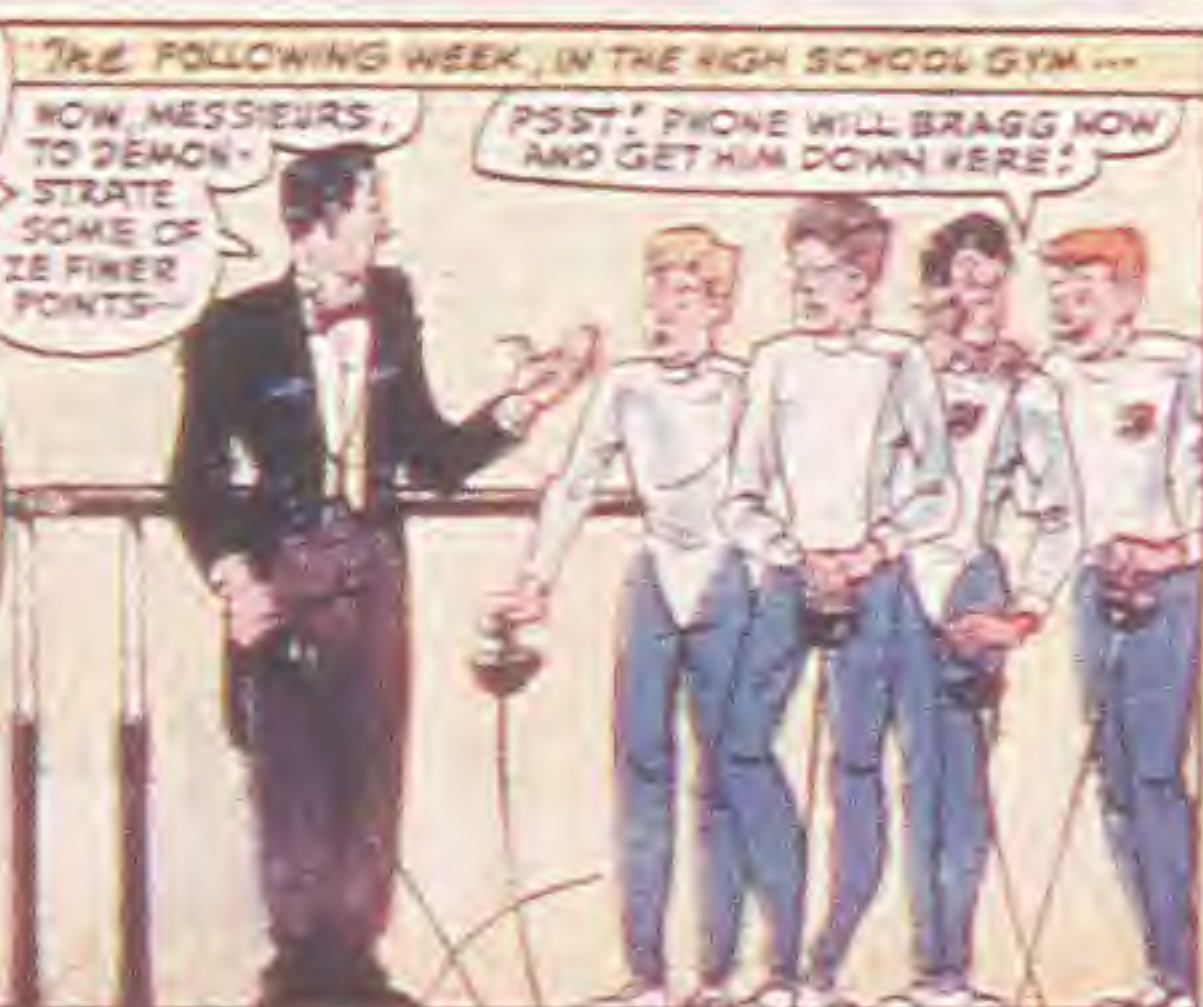
KELLO, MR. BRAGG! WE GOT A LITTLE WARM PRACTICING IN THE GYM AND HAD TO COME OUT FOR SOME AIR!

HEH! HEH! YOU YOUNG FELLERS THESE DAYS MAKE ME LAUGH! WHY, WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE I COULD KEEP FENCING FOR HOURS WITHOUT TIRING!

YOU DON'T SAY?











HELLO, MR. BRAGG, THIS IS TOM WELLS DOWN AT THE HIGH SCHOOL GYM! THE MEMBERS OF THE FENCING CLUB WERE WONDERING WHETHER YOU'D COME DOWN AND GIVE US A FEW POINTERS!













# ISLE of FURY

THE Blackhawk squadron came in low across the long Pacific swell, so that the mysterious island seemed to rise out of the sea to greet their eyes. From a higher level it had seemed barren and empty. From this angle they could see, silhouetted against the skyline, the outlines of camouflaged roofs and sheds.

"Attention Blackhawks!" The call flashed over the radio contact system to all planes as Blackhawk himself spoke into his mike. "Cross low and try to spot details. Don't, under any circumstances, fire a shot of any kind or drop anything on the island. Is that clear?"

"Oui," came the puzzled voice of Andre. "But Blackhawk, what are so mysterious buildings fire on us? Zen we are permitted to return the fire, are we not?"

"Absolutely not," Blackhawk barked. "I repeat: Don't fire a shot at anything on or around that island. Not even a pistol shot."

"Nuts," Chuck muttered into his own mike, and his Olaf growled, "Yumming, I just love being shot at even I can't shoot back."

They were directly over the island and then, without warning, a ring of fire seemed to erupt from camouflaged gun-nests. The air around the squadron bucked to the burst of ack-ack fire. One of the Blackhawk planes suddenly fell off on one wing, righted itself sluggishly and then began falling toward the island in a long, drifting glide.

"It's Stanislaus," Chuck yelled. "They knocked out his engine. Now let us paste those babies flat before he lands, Blackhawk."

"No," Blackhawk cried again. "No firing. Circle while I cross the island once and then follow me down. We've got to land and try to rescue Stanislaus. But no shooting—not even a pistol."

Disregarding their walls of puzzlement and anger, Blackhawk kicked his ship around and came back over the island, weaving through the new curtain of fire that sprang up. At the proper moment his gloved hand tugged a lever on the control panel and a burst of black oily vapor plumed out behind his plane.

Zooming up, he watched the black cloud spread and settle until the whole island was blanketed. He saw the shell bursts cease, saw Stanislaus' plane vanish into that darkness and

then he signalled for the descent, repeating again his warning about firing no shots.

On the island runway the dark cloud was thin enough to let them land safely. One after another the Blackhawk planes rolled up to a halt and the blue uniformed figures swarmed out. Olaf loomed above the others. "Vot is das meaning, Blackhawk? Vy can't ve just shoot dese devils and rescue Stanislaus?"

"No time to explain now," Blackhawk rapped. "Follow me. First but no guns."

Suddenly figures loomed out of the cloud, a knot of men in odd uniforms. They were choking, coughing, seemingly confused by the vapor. With yells, the Blackhawks fell on them and for a few minutes the fight was desperate and bitter. Oddly, although the attackers carried guns, none of them fired a shot.

Blackhawk, singling out a burly leader, drove him back with a whirlwind of punches and flattened him with a last furious drive. He whirled to see little Chop Chop gleefully sitting astride the last figure and hammering his head onto the paved runway with vigor. The fight was over.

Suddenly Stanislaus came bursting through the rising cloud. "My ship is okay," he shouted. "It was only an oil line and that is fixed."

"Then we're in full possession, I guess," Blackhawk said soberly. "I think there are no more defenders on the island."

"What was the idea of making us take it the hard way?" Chuck demanded. "We might have been shot up plenty with no chance of fighting back."

Blackhawk smiled faintly. "If you'd fired one wild shot, Chuck, none of us would have had a chance. You see, this is a secret atomic energy plant, built by an enemy of society. I got a tip on it and we were fired at before I could give you details. One wild shot might have wrecked their machinery and started an atomic chain reaction that would have blown up us and the island, too."

"Brother," Chuck said fervently, mopping his forehead. "Am I glad the first law of the Blackhawks is complete obedience. If I'd let myself go back there, we'd have all been goons. I had my guns sighted right on that central building."



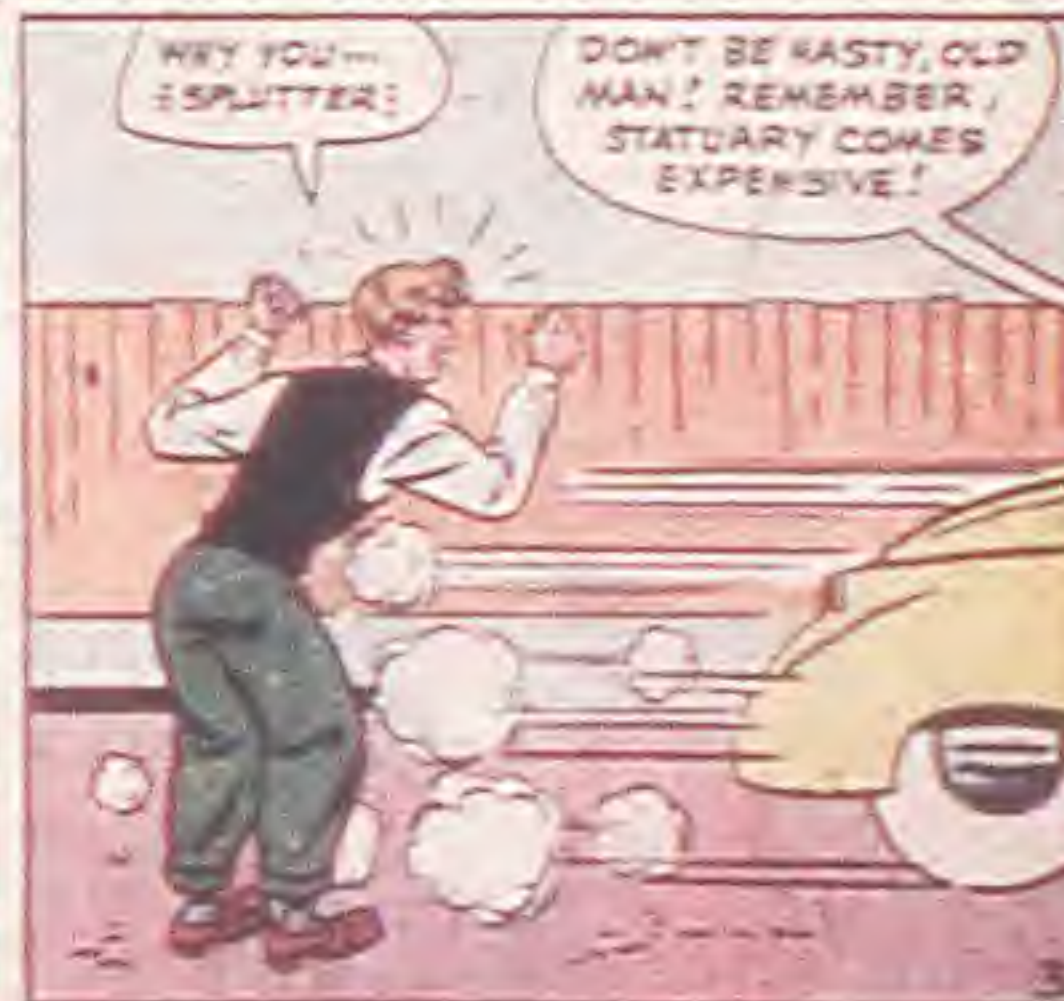
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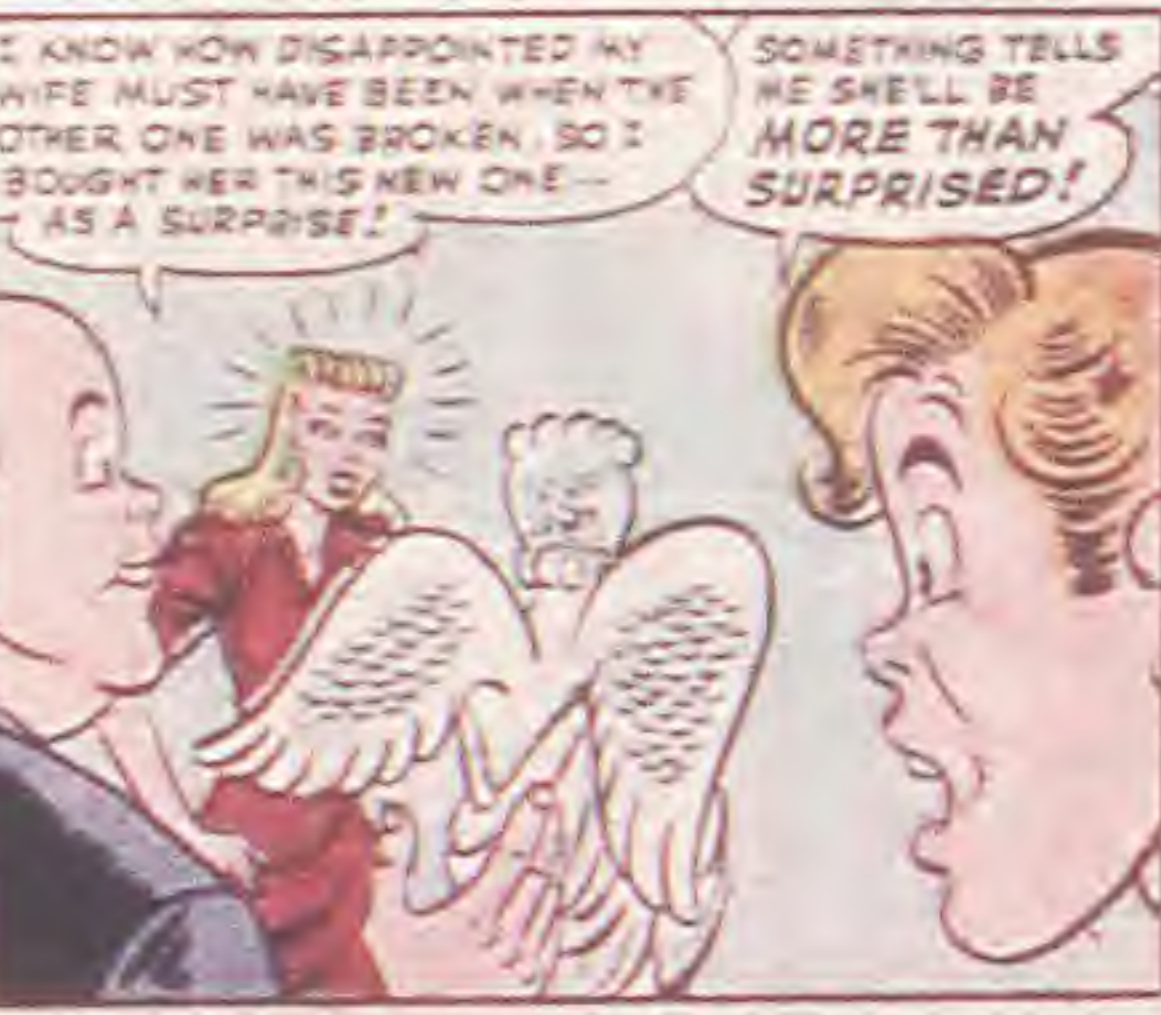














# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



SPOILING THE  
GANGSTERS' SCHEME



THE STATE'S STATE WITNESS IS ON HIS WAY BY TRAIN TO SEND A VICIOUS GANG-LEADER UP THE RIVER—UNTIL THE GANGSTER'S HOB DECIDES TO SEND THE TRAIN INTO THE RIVER...



THERE GOES THE BRIDGE TOO BAD WE CAN'T STICK AROUND TO WATCH THE BIG SPLASH!

BUT DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELITE CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ON HAND WITH A FEW PLANS OF THEIR OWN!



BOYS, YOU TAIL THEIR CAR WHILE I TRY TO HEAD OFF THE TRAIN... SHE'S DUE HERE IN 5 MINUTES!



THERE'S THE CONTROL STATION UP AHEAD... NOW IF THEY CAN JUST RADIO THE TRAIN ENGINEER IN TIME!

SOON... INSIDE THE CAB OF THE DOOMED TRAIN



...ALL BRAKES DOWN FOR EMERGENCY STOP WRECKED BRIDGE IMMEDIATELY AHEAD.



OUR SPEED SAVED OUR LIVES, ROYAL!

WE CAUGHT THE GANGSTERS— THANKS TO THE BOYS HERE TIPPING US OFF TO THEIR LICENSE NUMBER!

THEY MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT, TOO IF WE ALL HADN'T BEEN RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES!



FELLAS, IF IT'S BIKE SPEED WITH SAFETY YOU'RE AFTER, INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES! THAT BUILT-IN SKID-CHAIN MEANS TOP CONTROL AT ALL TIMES!



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It is easy to sell these Xmas Pouches to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pouch contains 7 beautiful Xmas cards, 3 envelopes and 24 sparkling Xmas baubles. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book as if you prefer. Make a 1/2 inch commission. Many boys and girls sell the pouches in one day and get their prize. At once! You can too, to start right. What a thrill you'll get when you open your Big Prize Book and see these big small prizes to choose from - and they're all so easy to get!

Had the complete Xmas Pouch for Christmas Pouches and that BIG PRIZE BOOK left on what prize you want. Send no money - we trust you. AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY Dept. 324 Lancaster, Pa.

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